Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteſt my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſ rues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunes your high requeſt,
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouerty of ſpirit,
So mighty and ſo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty ſea,
Then in my greateneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked there's no neede for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if neede were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of maieſty;
And make no doubt vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy ſtarres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buc. My Lord this argues conſcience in your grace
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that *Edward* is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* wife:
For firſt he was contracted to Lady *Lucie*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of *France*,
Theſe both put by a poore peticioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dayes,
Made price and purchace of his luſtfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion loathed bigamie,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I gine a ſparing limet to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall.
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of a buſie time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
May. Do, good my Lord, your citizens entreat you
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why ſhould you heape thoſe cares on me
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignity:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the childe your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to youre kin,
And equally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you except our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downefall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here I leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.
Glo. O doe not ſweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their ſute.
Ano. Do good my Lord, leaſt all the land doe rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule,
Couſen of *Buckingham*, and you ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on My backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to endure the loade,